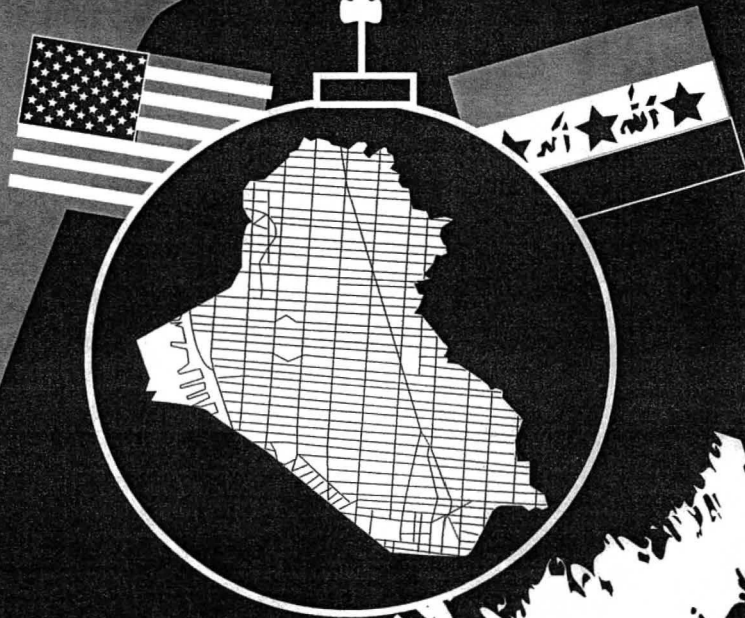


Femmes

Honors Literary Magazine

d'Esprit

Issue 2, Fall 2004



From Us and Ours
To Them and Theirs
Happy Holidays !

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eral, too – well – you watched the news. You know. Of course, this majority that tells us what we are, what we will be, is only 51%. It is not resounding and it is not definitive. It is a majority that needs to listen to the minority, and it means that this minority, this “blue” 48% needs to make itself heard.

*The time to rise has been engaged/You're better
best to rearrange
...What we want and what we need/Has been con-
fused, been confused
- R.E.M. “Finest Worksong”*

Easy? Not necessarily. There is a difference in being loud and being heard, a difference that I began to think about after seeing Eve Ensler's new play, *The Good Body*, a few weeks ago. Ensler, of course, is the writer/performer/activist who created a global movement to end violence against women with her play *The Vagina Monologues*. In her new work, she expands her thoughts on the female body, expounding on Botox, ice cream, burkhas, plastic surgery, *Cosmopolitan* magazine, and so on. Sitting in the audience next to my colleague, Dr. Cynthia Kraman, I felt a sense of relief as I watched Ensler reveal the stories of women she has spoken with from around the world, glad that she as she gave them voice, she offered me one, too.

*Life's rich demand creates supply in the hand/Of
the powers, the only
vote that matters
Silence means security silence means approval
- R.E.M. “Begin the Begin”*

Regardless of if you like living in a “blue state” or if you wish you lived in a “red state,” I beg you to ensure that the voice you are being assigned is your own, even if you need someone else to help you express it.

*Now I don't believe and I never did/That two
wrongs make a right.
If the world were filled with the likes of you/Then
I'm putting up a fight.
I'm putting up a fight.
R.E.M. “Final Straw”*

But whatever you do, please do not come to my office and ask me if you have a voice. Know that you have a voice. Question, rather, to find it, express it, make it stronger, make it informed. Figure out how you know what you know (and for those of you in my classroom – how many times have you heard me say *that*?) Figure out who is telling you what. Decide to agree. Decide to disagree. Change your mind, and know that it is okay to do so. And do not let someone tell you what you believe in because you are “blue” or “red” or any other color on a map. Eve Ensler taught me new ways to think about that. R.E.M. reassured me of it.

*I wish the followers would lead/with a voice so
strong it could knock me to my knees
...Do I even dare to speak?--to dream?--believe?
Give me a voice so strong I can question what I
have seen
- R.E.M. “Around the Sun”*

And now to you.

PLEASE, DON'T "SUPERSIZE ME"

Carla Michelle Adams

A freshman who recently starred in STE production of "Grapefruits...Starting Tomorrow!"



On October 18th in Romita Auditorium, many individuals of the freshman class encountered an awakening. We were lounging nonchalantly, awaiting the beginning of *Supersize Me* a Morgan Spurlock film, only to be shocked by the legal, financial, and physical ramifications of fast food. In a required course entitled "Self in Context: College, Women, and Society," freshmen here at the College of New Rochelle are encouraged to distinguish who we currently are and who we are striving to become. Viewing the film was a part of the "self in relation to others" series, which also included readings by Kathleen Lebesco and the creation of a poster on identity. *Supersize Me* observed life in America, as well as the impact of the fast food nation on citizens, the nation, and the world at large. This documentary was generated by two-hundred fifty hours of footage, less than seventy-five thousand dollars, and travel surpassing twenty-five thousand miles.

Morgan Spurlock went on a month long fast food journey, traveling on roads filled with Big Macs, milkshakes, apple pies, and French fries. As he sat at home consuming his final vegetarian, organic meal, Spurlock was excited about what would transpire next. Previous to starting his strict "McDonald's only" meal plan, Spurlock visited multiple physicians. Following the various health precautions, physical examinations, and expert advice, Spurlock began to tread on his path to physical deterioration. Three main rules were created to provide basic guidelines. They were:

1. No options: Eat only what is available over the counter

2. No super sizing unless offered
3. No excuses; Eat every item on the menu at least once

Spurlock happily indulged in McDonalds for breakfast, lunch, and dinner in the initial days. As the days continued, I began to notice a lack of luster in his eyes and a change in his physical disposition. Spurlock began to undergo visible changes and became indolent. Toward the conclusion of the film, physicians noticed a decline in Morgan Spurlock's health.

The film successfully exposed the audience to the frightening facts surrounding the fast food craze. It was startling to learn that one in four Americans visit a fast food place each day. In total, McDonalds feeds more than forty-six million individuals each day. This results in the unfortunate development of an overweight population; Sixty percent of all Americans are overweight or obese. With more than thirty thousand McDonald's restaurants in more than one hundred countries on six continents, McDonalds has created a global population surviving on fast food.

Screening the film *Supersize Me* was truly an eye opening experience. It exposed the harsh reality of constantly abusing our bodies through the constant consumption of fast food. I feel that this was fundamental to all freshmen because we must, as females, be aware of the physical effects that our lifestyles can have on our bodies. Knowledge of the repercussions should prevent many of us from becoming the statistic stated by Morgan Spurlock.



i'm lovin' it

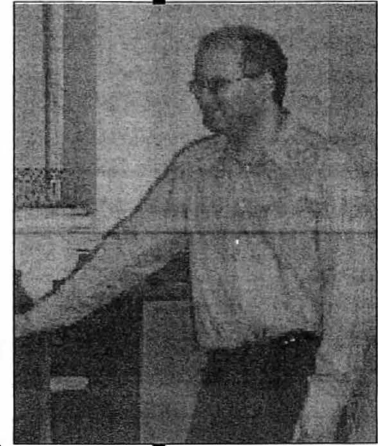
Photo: <http://www.nba.com/media/jazz/mcdonalds.gif>

core of the Western belief system. How has this failed, one may ask? The United States stands as the most powerful country in world history, primarily because of its technological superiority; are we not the very summit of progress? The answer to this is simple; Progress – and the scientific worldview that defines it – has brought us extended life-spans, modern agriculture, and the Internet, along with unprecedented levels of pollution, global warming, and the unique potential we have to destroy entire species (including ourselves). Never in history has humanity witnessed a greater disparity between rich and poor, and the steady march towards equality and human rights – at the basis of political notions of progress – has made many detours, not all of which came from fascist dictatorships (see Patriot Acts 1 and 2 and the treatment of prisoners in Guantanamo Bay and Abu Ghraib for some recent evidence).

The consequences of postmodernism go FAR beyond this article, but I will tackle the one I find most interesting: the shift from the modern alienated subject to the postmodern fragmented subject. Richard Hell & the Voidoids summed this up nicely as early as 1977 with “Blank Generation” – perhaps television and consumer culture have created an empty, meaningless society filled with empty, shallow individuals, but this very Blank-ness can also imply limitless possibilities of re-writing and re-imaging oneself. While only Al Gore and a few military scientists could imagine the Internet in 1977, the same point applies. The popularity of online dating, blogs, and craigslist has caused a shift in how individuals present a Self to the world, simultaneously creating a con-

fessional culture, where one is willing and ready to say ANYTHING about oneself, and a culture where authenticity is increasingly irrelevant. The Self is what you create, what you write, not “what you really are”; or rather, there is no difference. The modernist idea that we need masks to function in the real world, because our authentic selves cannot survive unadorned in a cruel world, has simply exploded. These masks become the authentic. They are no longer external borders of the self – the external/internal dialectic also breaks down under postmodernism – but foreground the possibility of a Self-in-process, a Self-in-becoming.

While postmodern theory attempts to criticize and rethink the concepts of progress, science, and technology, it is fundamental that we cannot go back. There is decidedly no state of grace or innocence that humanity can or needs to return to. Rather, we need to critique the fundamental bases of our world to ask: how can we understand contemporary society? How can we have a positive impact on our world? These may be old questions, but perhaps they are questions that require new answers. Or perhaps they even need to be asked in new ways, and we need new conceptual tools to even formulate the questions. This year’s version of Junior Honors Colloquium is an attempt to formulate these tools, enabling us to ask questions – about the Self, about politics, about identity – which could not even be conceived without our postmodern, interdisciplinary approach.



Above: Dr. Michael Quinn in class.

Photo: K. Tyranski

IN SHOCK

Shirley DelValle

Dear Confused baseball fan,

Leave it up to your Red Sox to win their first Championship in 86 years on a night where there was a lunar eclipse. You know something was up. The powers that be HAD to be on vacation. The world wasn't right.

From what I've always understood and known the Yankees are and have always been the *best* team in baseball while their archrival, the idiots (aka Boston Red Sox) have always been the big joke. I was born with LOVE for my Yankee team and animosity towards the team from Beantown. I swear my blood has pinstripes.

So what happened with the best team in baseball this year? Well, to lay it down gently, they simply weren't the best. To understand the rivalry, what happened this year and most importantly why Yankee fans are so pissed off, we must understand the past. So here's a quick summary. The rivalry between these two teams goes way back; it started in 1920, when the Red Sox sold Babe Ruth to the New York Yankees. After the Yanks acquired the Babe, the World Series Championship count was Yankees: 26. Red Sox :0. The Sox hadn't won a World Series championship since 1918; the curse of the Bambino thus was born and remained alive and kicking for 86 years.

Whether the curse really existed or not is simply a matter opinion; those who didn't believe in it were in deep denial. How else can you explain the Red Sox torrid affair with bad luck? Losing became a usual occurrence for the Red Sox. It's what they were meant to do. They're supposed

to smell victory but *never* taste it. It's the way it had always been.

Yankee fans liked it like this. You saw it in 1986, (I didn't I was too young), but you see it in the replays, grounder to first, the dude misses it and the Mets win Game 7 of the world series. THE METS ACTUALLY WON. Come on, you had to know at that moment that the Sox were cursed. Last year, Game 7 of the ALCS, Aaron Boone at the plate, a guy who did nothing for the Yankees except be the cause of many headaches, hit a game winning homerun. Red Sox luck strikes again!

So what happened this year? The Red Sox wanted it more and dare I say it, they *were* the better team. I didn't really just say that did I? I have to give the Bo Sox their props, they played well. This Yankee team was just plain bad. They lacked character, emotion, unity and fervor. They didn't want it; If you looked into the eyes of every guy on that dugout you'd notice that that fire that need to win wasn't in their eyes. Except for Jeter!

I sit every October in front of my TV in hopes that the team playing is *similar* to the 96 dream team. Now *that* team was incredible. They came from behind to win most of the games. *That* team had dedicated guys like Tino, Jeter, Cone, Wells, Pettitte, Girardi, Paul, and heck even Wade Boggs (former RED SOX). These guys had the desire to win. That desire and passion to win is what led them to their amazing victory over the Atlanta Braves. That was a team because they played as a team. If one was slacking the rest of the

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Photo: <http://www.hus97.com/pics/contents/yankeed.jpg.gif>

Shirley is a junior and
an avid Yankee fan,
Shirley is a junior!

NOVEMBER

Christina Simpson

A sophomore who recently appeared in STE production of "Grapefruits...Starting Tomorrow!"

Have you ever heard an intelligent person try to sound intelligent? As I tried to explain the one-way streets of New Rochelle to my ex-boyfriend, I said, with confidence, that I lacked 'directional direction,' capable of envisioning roadways and locations and, yet, unable to articulate these visions. He laughed at me. I laughed too, because it was true. There were so many paths to follow, so many roads divided or merely split at a bend. I go only where my feet can take me. And in this world, that is not enough.

So is it not the perfect season for chaos? As I turn the bend of the New England Avenue -- appropriately called Chestnut -- I see a battlefield. Ravished leaves of red like aging blood-stained pages of dead books unread, unfinished -- and crisp golden rough drafts curled and burnt by the sun. As I continued down the cobble path, the sharpness of the cold -- stabbing me with regrets of not wearing more wool and thicker scarves -- tugged at my favorite black pea coat and the long annoying fringes of my rainbow scarf, which, in a friendly fashion, welcomes the bitter air like stranger's candy. This tugging is familiar. It's the tugging I felt from the book-stacks by my bedside. The one book to top them all -- *Looking Backward* by Edward Bellamy.

There was a purpose, as there should be for most things, to read this great book of a man who flew from his own time to another, living in Utopia while reflecting on a past that is still fresh, still not history to him. There was a purpose. There was a reason why I had Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* and wrote a list of names and duties for each name in my notebook. There was a

reason why I extended an extra piece of land on my Sims 2 software game for an island of workers and aristocrats. There was an investment of time and patience to this great plan -- this wonderful brilliant plan that would stimulate my appetite for physical and geographical perfection of heaven on earth and bread for all with limited and shared labor and modest lifestyles, diverse lifestyles of savagery and arts and oneness among all with unlimited love and creativity...

I merely forgot the purpose.

Okay, that is a bit of a lie. The true purpose for an academic accomplishment is the grade. Their value is no longer relevant. For me, A+ is a night's rest and B- is homeland security declaring America at terror alert red. It is just that simple.

But what did I learn? Was there a lesson? I could have settled with my Utopia and received my A+ and left it at that. But no... it tugged at me still...

That same day I returned all other books to the library, keeping Bellamy under my pillow. That same day I was walking to the train station. It was the same day I turned the corner of Chestnut Lane.

As I made the trip back through the coldness I watched the blurring brown ash of the branches tinted with light frost. The black tar was so slick, as if my New England rock was conquered by deep black pools with Volkswagen minis and fallen leaves -- pieces of my failure -- floating on top. My broken island of New England. Young boys with Jewish afros and bright yellow Arizona hoodies and girls with curly wet ponytails and crisp, brittle, round bangs. They looked ahead or down

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NCHC IN NEW ORLEANS

Members of the Honors Program attended the 2004 National Collegiate Honors Council's annual conference in New Orleans, Louisiana, in November. The conference, entitled "Bridging Currents and Cultures," brings together faculty and students from honors programs around the country to present papers on a variety of topics, explore a city, and exchange ideas about their respective programs.



The students presented "Creating Culturally Consistent Publications" at the conference's "Idea Exchange," focusing on what it is like to edit a college campus publication. The conference ended with a gala at Mardi Gras World, the workshop of Blaine Kern, who makes the floats for the famous Mardi Gras parades in New Orleans, and for carnivals around the world. They enjoyed Creole and Cajun food, listened to the band Creole Stomp and some jazz, and watched tarot card readers and magicians perform.

Left to Right:
Kathryn Tyranski '06, Alana Ruptak '05, and Emily Williams '05 at Café Dumonde.

Photo: K. Tyranski

Kathryn Tyranski '06

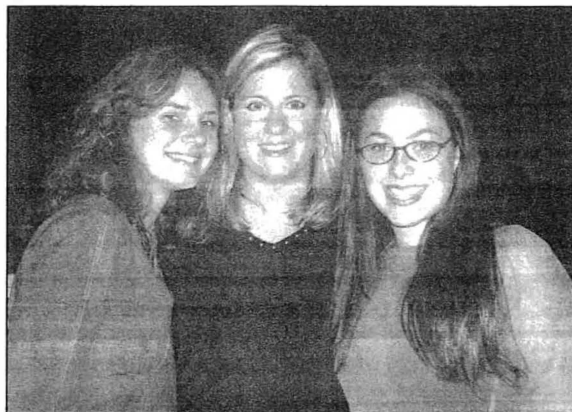
Many of the workshops and sessions I attended dealt with Honors publications. As editor of *Femmes d'Esprit*, I wanted to take as much back to CNR as possible. I learned that many colleges have intricate and elite submission processes; however, their magazines and journals are only published annually. I discovered that many other colleges who put together an Honors magazine run across staffing issues and we discussed ways to get more people involved. It was determined that *Femmes* is not really an Honors newsletter, and therefore, did

not win the NCHC Newsletter Contest. However, a session on newsletters has made me wonder if we at CNR should have a short two page newsletter. However, as it was discussed at length in many of the publications sessions, funding is a problem.

I also was able to attend a session on service learning is integrated into a freshmen honors seminar. The seminar tries to teach students the ideals of a utopian society through service. This was a very interesting concept and it mirrors our program's requirement for leadership efforts. The poster sessions were interesting, however, they need to be held in a bigger room!

Also, the trip to Mardi Gras World was a fun tool to get an inside look at New Orleans major holiday.

Overall, the conference in New Orleans was a very informative experience. I was also happy to be able to explore the city and get a real history of what New Orleans is all about. For three days, I felt like I was in a different country—in Europe somewhere. To say the least, New Orleans was great and I'm looking forward to integrating all that I've learned into our Honors Program at CNR.



Left to Right: Emily Williams '05, Dr. Amy Bass, and Alana Ruptak '05 in New Orleans.

Photo: K. Tyranski

EXPERIENCING NYC

Milena Tercheva

October 8, 2004

Dear Diary,

All right, lost once again and this time literally. The towers were dancing before my eyes and mocking the blue sky. They all seemed the same, tall and glossy and lonely in the swarming day and all coming into one just as the hundreds of different faces passing by me all seemed to not differ at all. The heat in New York is probably what writers rarely describe; they always concentrate on what it is like to be in the center of the world during the night. Sometimes one foreigner or another pays attention to the heat, but not that often. These were the thoughts that ran into my head as I was standing helplessly before one large shop with a name that too failed to make any difference—GAP, Chanel, etc.

They were all just empty letters that never formed the words I was looking for: Port Authority. So now what? I only had an hour and a half before my bus departure to New Britain.

At this point I was just like a little grotesque picture of the almighty Atlas, holding on the shoulders the greatest load in the world—the one of my back pack. Only I did not feel almighty—I was the smallest ant in this big world formed of senseless steel and glass which looked at me so impartially. "Excuse me, mister, can you tell me how to get to Port Authority?" I was asking this to every second man that passed by me, as I was wandering through the crowd with the most confident look on my face because of my stupid habit to always look strong. "You go left, and then when you see ***** St." you take it,

and then...." "Oh, thank you so much!" I was saying automatically though in my mind everything sounded as "Blablablabla and then you go blablablabla and then.....bla!" I wondered if my thanks sounded just like a meaningless "bla" to them. But it didn't matter because I was hurrying through one street and then the other, always so close and so far from my final point.

Okay, this was my punishment for being...what? Careless, yes, careless, to decide to explore Manhattan without a single map or whatsoever direction, and careless to think I could go shopping there on my own in the unfamiliar streets. "But you're always like that, Milena, always headstrong in the most inappropriate moments," I thought to myself, stomping aggressively by myriad of various faces that had nothing to do with me. "Oh, finally, a familiar McDonald's, and a familiar avenue. Oh, my God, only 30 min before the bus leaves!" "Only 25 minutes, oh, I think I've seen this traffic light somewhere...Ooops, sorry ma'am,excuse me....oh, no, 19 minutes....yes, yes, and yes, I know the place! Okay, I know it, 16 minutes, I know it, finally! Eureka, hallelujah, my blessed station!!!" At the fifteenth minute before the bus left, I was already there, almost happy in my despair, saying thanks to the entire world. Oh, how I loved the escalators, and the orange tiles, and the bored to death people waiting for their bus! Yes, this was certainly a great first experience in NYC!

Milena is a freshman who hails CNR from her home country of Bulgaria.



Above: Milena Tercheva poses for the camera!

knew I was going to fail.

When I got to the driving school, the dude told me "Well Shirley, we have some bad news." I thought, "how nice." "Jose can't give you your lesson and can't take you to the road test so we're giving you another instructor and you're driving in a different car." I knew for sure that I was going to fail. I was comfortable in my little purple Corolla and I was comfortable with my instructor. Now I had to get into this strange car with this strange guy who didn't speak English very well and to make things worse, he was a Red Sox fan and I was a Yankee fan. According to him I had learned how to drive incorrectly. I was like Oh ____! You fill in the blank. I definitely knew I was going to fail. So we're "driving" around and I'm doing everything wrong. Forty five minutes later, another girl and I were on our way to the road test. I was silent, which to say the least is not me at all. My dad called me and he was like "you'll pass" and I just started bawling and I'm NOT a crier. I was like, "oh no, I'm going to die."

When we got to the "road test place," behind the Home Depot in the Bronx, the line was huge. I was like "YES, *maybe they'll tell us to go home.*" They didn't. Some guy came up to the car and kicked the tires and then asked for my permit. He then asked for my glasses. I told him I didn't have them but I did have my contacts on. I thought immediately, "*I can't take it because I don't have my glasses, YES!*" After moving my



eyes all around, he said "OK you're good to go." *Damn.* So the little old man gets in the car and I say a little prayer to my inner Oprah and

I start the car. I pull out and I immediately forget to signal. He points this out to me and my reply is, "my bad." I was so nervous. I screwed up on a few things and the little old blunt man wasn't afraid to tell me. The test didn't last very long, probably five minutes but it felt like an eternity. As I sat there watching him punch in numbers into his little machine I kept thinking to myself, *Aw Shirl, you're going to have to take it again.* The instructor had pointed out a few things I should look out for; these clues meant that I passed. I must admit that while I sat there I forgot all the clues. All I remember is the little old man giving me that paper, telling me to sign it and saying "This is your temporary license, blah, blah, blah." *I passed! Woo hoo.* I ran out of that car, and I'm not a runner. I RAN and hugged two strange men and the instructor. I was so happy. The funny thing is that the instructor later confessed to me that he didn't think I'd pass. I was like "*haha punk!*"

So now that I'm a licensed driver and have been one for almost two months now, you'd think my fear of driving went away, right? Well it hasn't. I think it's good though, it makes me a cautious driver. It makes me appreciate life more too. When I get home safe, I'm extremely grateful and happy. So I got the license, next is my own car. Responsibility, here I come.

“ENCORE” EMINEM!

Dr. Nick Smart

Chair of the English
Department, Dr.
Smart loves playing
music at the start of
class.

I've been asking people what they think about Eminem's new Aftermath Records release, *Encore*. The response is mixed.

A guy who works in my neighborhood loves the record, especially the skit “Em calls Paul” in which Eminem speaks through an amplifying device that makes him sound like a throat cancer patient as he proclaims his devotion to Michael Jackson (*Encore* contains many direct indictments of the King of Pop's proclivities) by stringing together Jackson's song titles in a mocking collage poem. That skit features two of Eminem's irresistible traits, a genius for fitting words together and a very mean but righteous sense of humor. Two of the freshmen in my honors class divided ways over just these qualities, one saying she didn't like all the anger in Eminem, another insisting, without further explanation, that “the anger is good” and wondering if anyone in the class ever sat down and read the lyrics.

While these students had opinions on Eminem, most of the class didn't, except to say that they had liked the first album or two. This is the time of Usher and Alicia Keys. Different sounds for different moods. So I wondered, who called for the encore?

Eminem became a big deal for me two years ago when my students bugged me to listen to *The Eminem Show*. Up to that point I had resisted what I thought was only a sophomoric white guy cashing in on his scatology, severe homophobia and the ability to construct a/b/a/b rhymes. But I trusted these students and Sir Elton John, whose performance with Eminem suggested that the unsavory messages of the Slim Shady pose were more complicated

than I had originally thought.

When I put on *The Eminem Show* I liked it right away. The first song, “White America”, reveals that Eminem, or Marshall Mathers, or whoever this guy is, understands the peculiarity of his position as a white hip-hop artist and takes justifiable pride in his authenticity:

White America

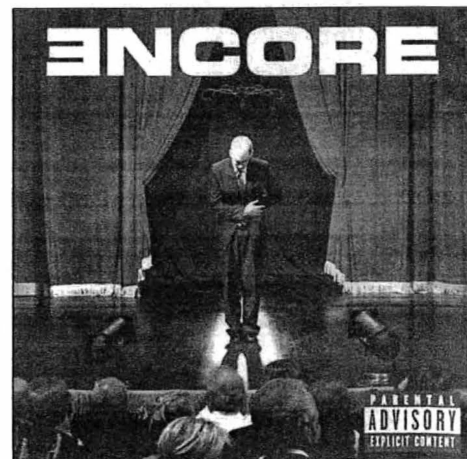
I could be one of your kids

White America

Little Eric looks just like this

Carving the names Eric and Erica out of the word America, Eminem argues for the authenticity of his own status. He is, *The Eminem Show* argues and the move *8 Mile* reiterates, raised right from the national grain. This is the indispensable feeling I wanted from *Encore*. That's what an encore is for, more of the same, but better, louder, even more triumphal. The new record doesn't disappoint.

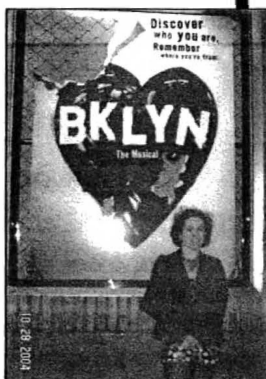
In *Encore*, Eminem's full range of personae is arrayed: Slim Shady, Eminem, the autobiographical Detroit youth who movie goers know as Rabbit. Multiplying the force of this cacophony, each voice does impersonations (of R. Kelly, Michael Jackson, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Christopher Reeves, Dustin Hoffman's Rainman, Triumph the Insult Comic Dog). The effect



A NIGHT ON THE TOWN: MY FIRST BROADWAY EXPERIENCE

Sara Wiegand

Coming all the way from Ohio, Sara has just experienced NYC. Sara is a freshman.



Sara Wiegand at her first Broadway musical!

Photo: K. Tyranski

Nightlife is not something I have experienced before. In Ohio, the closest I ever got to a "night on the town" was a movie at the local two-feature cinema and a salad at Applebee's. My little rural town truly gave meaning to "all dressed up and no place to go."

Thankfully, here in New York, being bored on a Thursday night is simply not an option. On October 28th, the Honors Program treated the freshmen and a few lucky upperclassmen to opening week of one of Broadway's newest musicals, *Brooklyn*. It was definitely a night of firsts for me; my first time in the City at night, my first time navigating public transportation in heels, and my very first Broadway musical! Needless to say, I was excited! I even took pictures in front of the poster to e-mail to my mother. She got all weepy (as she tends to do) when she called to tell me how

proud she was that I was becoming a "Big City Girl."

Well, I don't know if I'm truly a "City Girl" yet, but I *am* officially hooked on Broadway. I have never heard people sing so well! When the cast of only five people would break out into a chorus, it sounded so beautiful and full! I laughed, I cried, and I gained a new respect for trash bags and duct tape. (To understand what I mean, you'll have to see the show!)

Brooklyn is really a show within a show. The set, made to look like a run down city alley, provided the backdrop for five street performers to tell an imaginary crowd the story of a young Parisian girl named after the city her father grew up in, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn was born to a French dancer named Faith. Faith's American lover, Taylor had to leave her to go to war in

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Left to Right: Rummy Chuchera, Milena Tercheva, Bekki Mui (peer facilitator), Hasiba Mohammad, Jeanene James, Stephanie Dicheck, Diana Perez, Arisleida Arias, Shonda Gaylord, Sarah Worthington (LSS), Sara Wiegand, Wanda Hun, & Binh (Kelly) Phong

Photo: K. Tyranski

MORNING INSPIRATION

Renee D'Ambrosio

Renee finds a creative outlet in poetry and prose.



Photo: www.cnr.edu/intranet

Get up, get out, and get motivated. Today is a new day and you can make anything happen. Let nothing take you down. You will not fail; success is the goal. Make today count. Let go of the past, take on the present, and seize the future. Keep your head high and your heart steady. Be conscience of your surroundings. Learn, teach, and grow. Make the best of every situation. Let your fears be broken and keep your hopes high-you never know what you can accomplish. Put your heart and faith in God and He will get you through the day. Keep an open mind and absorb the world. Different people, places, and cultures will only help you grow. Go that extra mile and don't hold back. Don't regret; just let it be. See the good in everything, but know the bad. Try your hardest and do your best. Wake up and get things done-do something and be somebody for today is a new day and dreams can come true.

EMILY'S NEW ORLEANS EXPERIENCE

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with other NCHC students and professors at the warehouse where the famous Mardi Gras floats are kept and up for view... a lazy trolley ride around the Garden District to see the classic style Southern plantation like houses... the Louis Armstrong Cemetery resembling that of Pere LaChaise cemetery in Paris... an array of Voo-Doo practioners, their museums, shops and psychic like powers to predict and stir the calamity... the wild energy of Bourbon Street at almost all hours of the day...the music heard on practically every street corner, bar and restaurant, a passion for music pulsating in the city streets...

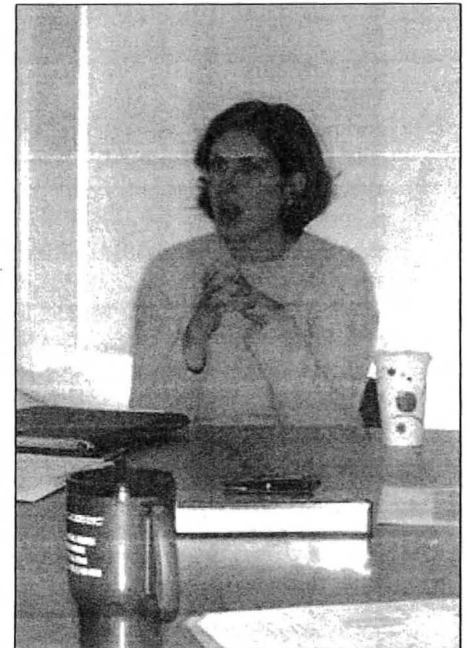
Oh my! I seem to have forgotten a mention of the conference itself! Dr. Bass, who accompanied us upon the trip would have my head! (A la guillotine!) The richness and multi-faceted New Orleans provided for so much adventure and learning in itself that the conference was not honestly always easy to stay put at. However, I must say I was impressed by some of the students I met during the first activity upon arrival entitled 'City as Text,' in

which we split up into groups with students and professors we did not know and explored the city and a certain designated aspect of it together. My group and I set out upon the city with a 'voo-doo misson,' to seek out, observe and assess the history and culture of voo-doo that is prevalent in this city. This assignment acted as a great way to orient oneself with the city in a dynamic way and also as a way to get to know and interact with other NCHC participants and learn about their programs, their backgrounds and interests. I felt a connection to these strangers I had just met, walking in unfamiliar territory, joined by a felt shared passion for learning and challenging oneself to see more and delve into the sub-layers of a city.

I strongly recommend participating in a conference to any Honors Student. As a senior, I am so glad I did have this opportunity as a component of my experience as a student in the Honors Program here at the college. And of course, I recommend New Orleans with or without a conference to accompany, as a wonderful city to visit, explore that will undeniably result in a fun time.

FEMINIST PERSPECTIVES

Photojournalist Jacquie Hemmerdinger visited Honors 270, Feminist Perspectives in Medicine, to discuss her New York Times Sunday Magazine photo essay about her mother's bout with ovarian cancer. In the piece, Hemmerdinger explored the physical transformation a woman undergoes during cancer therapy, focusing in particular on her mother's loss of her long hair. Students were able to spend the entire seminar period with Hemmerdinger, looking at her photographs, asking questions, and making connections to the course's themes. Below are some photographs taken on the day that Hemmerdinger visited The Honors Program.

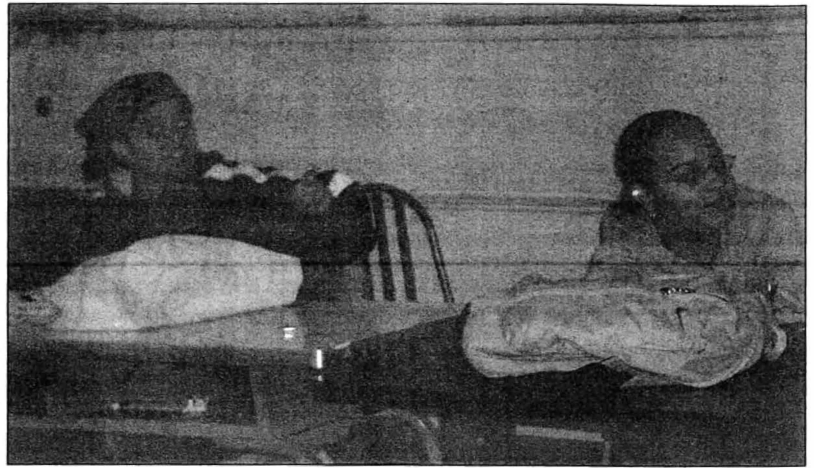


SPRING 2005...CONTINUED

HON361: Theory and Practice of the Avant-Garde

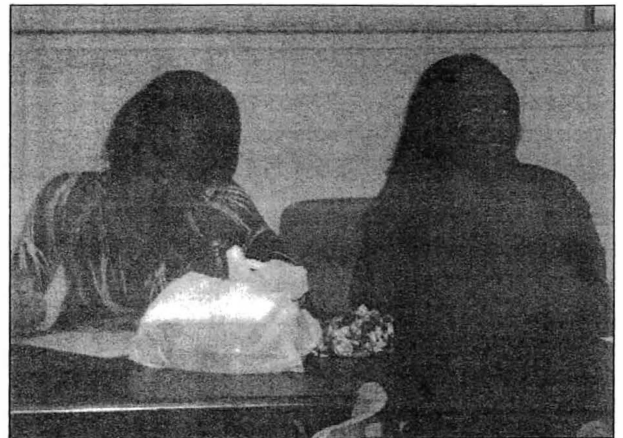
Dr. Susan Canning

Ever wonder where the term “avant-garde” came from? In this seminar you will not only learn about the ideas that stimulated writers, poets, dancers, musicians, filmmakers, and artists, but also have the opportunity to read, listen, see, and even perform their work. Discover Alfred Jarry, Isadora Duncan, Eric Satie, Gertrude Stein, Guillaume Apollinaire, Tristan Tzara, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, Serge Eisenstein, Maya Deren, and many more. This class will include readings, poetry, film screenings, music, and performances as we survey and experience the major avant-garde movements of the 20th Century.



Above: Nisha Feliz '06 and Ruth Santiago '06.

Photo: K. Tyranski



Above: Esther Carelus '06 and Lacy-Ann Landell '06.

Photo: K. Tyranski

HON386: Media and Identity in Postmodern Society II

Dr. Michael Quinn

Is Paris Hilton the world's most popular person? Is Michael Jackson a freak, or is he a precursor of future humanity? Is celebrity the new religion? Explore these questions (as well as topics like ethnicity, sexuality, feminism, and other forms of identity) in the second half of this year-long colloquium that deals with the relationship between identity and media in today's society. Operating primarily as a Directed Study, students will engage in an individual research project on some aspect of the previous semester's reading, assisted by faculty mentors, and attend bi-monthly resource workshops and group process meetings. Students will be encouraged to share research techniques and resources, make progress reports, participate in peer critique and plan Honors Conference Day.

NEW YORK YANKEES

Continued from Page 10

team would pick up the slack. That's what this Yankee team was missing this year.

One would think that after acquiring a guy like A-Rod, the highest paid baseball player, whose ridiculous play at first against Arroyo made me yak, would boost up the Yankee morale but no such thing occurred. In fact A-Rod under performed. We should've let the Red Sox have him. Yankee fans aren't mad because we didn't get to the World Series, we're pissed because the best team money can buy failed miserably at putting away the Boston Red Sox, the team we hate most. Up three games to none and they FAILED. Days after the "fall of the empire," as many were calling it; people were questioning what went wrong. *Was it our starting pitching?* We didn't have any. They pitched for two innings and had to be taken out. *Was it our bullpen?* They sucked too. This Yankee team was composed of a group of I's, guys that didn't mesh well together, guys that didn't play as a team; they didn't know how to feed off each other's energy. It breaks my heart to see someone like Derek Jeter, a guy who gives 110 percent, give a teary eyed interview trying to explain what went wrong. Guys like Jeter and Bernie deserve to go to the big dance, not guys like Manny Ramirez and David Ortiz. I hate these two. Their arrogance only makes this animosity, that a Yankee fan, I feel towards the Red Sox grow even more.

I refused to watch the World Series games but ironically decided to watch the Red Sox celebrate their victory. Maybe it was a form of punishment. Kind of the way the Yanks sat in their dugout watching the Red Sox celebrate the greatest comeback in sports history on their home field. Or

perhaps it was a way of letting me know that it did indeed happen. The Red Sox *had* broken the curse and won the championship. Whatever it was, I chose to watch it and sat in disbelief.

The following morning, I expected to hear on the morning news that half the population of New England had died. After all Ben Affleck did once say that the day the Red Sox win the championship, Sox fans will drop dead around the world. No such thing happened. They're still around with big smiles on their faces, boasting about their victory, wearing those big old ugly hats.

The fact that the Yanks lost doesn't hurt. They haven't really won a World Series since 2000. The reason Yankee fans are so irate is the way they lost, where they lost and to whom they lost. It's devastating because it was to Boston, on our home turf, the greatest sports stage in the world, Yankee Stadium. Up three games and they couldn't finish them. What a Damn shame.

Did the Red Sox deserve to finally win and simultaneously break the curse? As a Yankee fan I must admit that sadly, yes they did. So to all you *real* Red Sox fans out there who've stuck with the team through thick and thin, I mumble congratulations. You guys deserved it. Enjoy it too because **IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN**. See you next year.

LET'S GO YANKEES (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP). LET'S GO YANKEES (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP).

Sincerely Yours,

A Bleacher Creature